

Chrome-a-What?

by cassy1994

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The bell rang signaling the end of class and the start of the five minute break between the next class or in Hiccup's case, and a couple of other students as well, a free period. Hiccup gathered his supplies and left his classroom and went to the art room to finish a project. As he stepped in to the room, he silently cursed.

He recognized the white hair of his arch-nemesis hard at work, on a stool with headphones on and eyes closed, as his hand moved across the canvas he was working on. Okay, so he wasn't really his arch-nemesis, but Hiccup definitely held a rivalry with the boy who could make works of art to challenge those of the masters like Da Vinci or Michelangelo. He also had a crush on the boy so that defeated the reality of being his arch-nemesis.

The coloring the boy used was rarely ever what some would call normal, but the work was always beautiful. His landscapes could call forth emotions that landscapes shouldn't call forth, his still-lives could tell an infinitive amount of stories, and his portraits seemed to be so carefully done that they could walk out of the frame and go to class themselves.

Hiccup was always amazed at how well all of Jack's works were done and so he had silently claimed a rivalry with him. Hiccup's own work wasn't bad and it was something to be proud of if Hiccup said so himself, but Jack's— Jack's were masterpieces.

It never failed that Hiccup would find Jack in the art room during his free period, Jack had a class there prior and they shared their free period together. It also never failed that Jack would be wearing headphones and keeping his eyes closed as he worked. Hiccup didn't understand why, but if Jack made the work he did that way then Hiccup wasn't going to argue with one beautiful person making more beautiful things.

Hiccup had quickly gotten to work on his painting and looked up when he heard someone enter the room. Recognizing Jack's boyfriend, Pitch, with a hall-pass, he gave a brief nod of acknowledgement before returning to work. Everyone in school knew the two were only dating because Pitch had walked up to Jack one day during lunch and told Jack that he was his boyfriend. Jack had only looked up to see who was talking, nodded and then went back to his conversation he was having.

The next day, they walked into the school together as if they had been dating for months and people accepted it. Jack was a pretty mellow guy at that point. Up until freshmen year he had been a real fun guy and a harmless prankster, during freshmen year he was super mellow, and then after freshmen year he was back to his old self.

Though Hiccup was quick to return to his work, he glanced up when he heard a crash and Jack yelp.

"Ahh, Pitch what the hell was that for?" Jack screamed, standing up from where he had fallen. He pulled his headphones down so they hung on his neck. His ice-blue eyes now open and glaring at Pitch. Pitch had an angry look on his face.

"That was for this latest piece of crap of yours." Pitch indicated the canvas Jack had previously been working on. He sarcastically stated, "The subject is believable and the resemblance is uncanny, but your interest could use some work since you have a boyfriend." Pitch ended angrily.

Jack glanced at the work, then briefly over to Hiccup, before he looked back to Pitch. "Well if that's what you think—"

Jack didn't get a chance to finish before Pitch shoved him away and started walking out. "Later Runt!" Pitch said to Hiccup as he passed. He paused at the door looking over to Jack. "Jack, I hope you realize this means we are no longer dating." Then he left.

Jack let out a harsh laugh as the door shut behind Pitch. He looked over to Hiccup. "Sorry about that."

Hiccup nodded, "No problem, are you okay though? I mean you just got dumped."

Jack let out another laugh, a real one. "Yeah, I'm fine. I only started dating him because the medication I had at the time made me

too mellow to care and when I got off the meds I stayed with him because he's actually a decent guy."

"Why were you on meds if you don't mind me asking?" Hiccup asked slowly going back to his work.

Jack repositioned his stool before answering. "My uncle thought it might help with my chromesthesia or with my supposed ADD. When the pills didn't seem to work other than making me super chill, my uncle took me to the hospital to find out why. Turns out you can't really help chromesthesia and I didn't actually have ADD, I'm just hyperactive." Jack said smiling.

Hiccup nodded and the two went back to their own pieces. Jack left his headphones off and kept his eyes open though. Hiccup noticed this and thought it was weird, because usually when Pitch came to visit Jack, Jack would 'exit' the art world by removing his headphones and turning away from his work before talking to Pitch and then 're-enter' the art world when Pitch left. Hiccup thought back to all the times this had happened, confused by Jack keeping his headphones off.

His thoughts were interrupted by Jack. "Hey, Hiccup. Can you come look at this? Don't judge it for it's subject matter though. I don't usually look at my work before it's done so this is the first time I have actually seen something of mine unfinished."

Hiccup felt the light bulb of realization go off in his head, Jack never saw his work until it was finished and that's why he hadn't put his headphones back on, because he had seen his work before it was finished. Hiccup nodded putting his pencil down. He then went over to Jack, and looked at Jack's work. He was sure his mouth fell open as his mind reeled in shock. How could Jack say this wasn't finished yet.

The image was obviously Hiccup riding on a black dragon tied to the ground for some reason. It seemed like it was a semi-animated style, but it was definitely Hiccup. Hiccup even recognized the dragon as something he had drawn. He had drawings of the dragon on his walls and desk at his house but he had never brought them to school or shown anything even remotely similar to them to Jack ever, he was bullied enough without bringing in his obsessions. The detail in the dragon was so realistic that Hiccup could imagine it being with him. His eyes wandered over the image again and realized what Jack hadn't finished yet.

"The sky doesn't seem to be done yet, or the rocks in the background. If you are trying for photorealism, the dragon seems to be hyperrealistic, butâ€¦" Hiccup trailed off waving in the general direction of his likeness on Jack's canvas, suddenly embarrassed.

Jack had drawn him. Jack, his crush since third grade, had drawn him. Jack had taken Hiccup and changed him into a viking on a dragon and drawn him.

Jack nodded. "I see what you mean. I don't know if I was actually going for photorealism or not." Jack said hesitantly.

Hiccup hesitated before asking. "Whyâ€¦ why all of this?" Hiccup

gestured to the entire work.

Jack smirked. "You just pointed to all of the work." Hiccup nodded. "I don't know. I start class, I get the art project guidelines, if any, plug in my headphones, let the chromesthesia take over and don't actually look until the project is done. If the project isn't done before my playlist ends, I leave it where it is and leave the room."

Hiccup felt a slight ache in his chest at that, Jack hadn't actually drawn him, his chromesthea had.

"I see, what is chromesthea?" Hiccup asked, knowing he mispronounced the word.

Jack was quick to answer. "Chromesthesia is a type of synesthesia. Which is when one of the five senses share an experience with another, in my case, sound has color."

Hiccup looked back to the work. "Oh, so why do you work with your eyes closed?"

Jack smirked again. "In case the color doesn't match what I see."

Hiccup nodded again. "So do you have some control over the subject matter?"

Jack hesitated this time. "Sometimes, but not usually. I notice when things that have been in my head prior to working appear, and depending on how much thought I have given those things shows by how much focus is on them in the end product. For instance, you are right about the dragon being hyper-realistic because try as hard as I might, today I couldn't get the devil out of my head." He paused. "As for the rest of the image, well, uh, the background was something I just let happen."

Hiccup waited for Jack to explain why he had drawn Hiccup, but Jack seemed finished with what he was saying about his work at the moment. He continued to gaze at the image, drawn to how well the dragon resembled his own drawings of him. If the two had been in an alternate universe where Hiccup was a dragon rider and perhaps maybe Jack was a winter spirit, like, oh, I-don't-know, actually Jack Frost, maybe this dragon would have been Hiccup's and maybe they both would have known that it was a devil in the most playful way.

"So why did you draw me?" Hiccup asked softly, turning his gaze away from the image to look at Jack.

Jack laughed nervously and scratched the back of his neck. "That may have to do with the crush I have had on you since the third grade. Uh, surprise." Jack said nervously.

Hiccup blinked at him in surprise. "How come you never asked me out?"

Jack shrugged. "I never knew if you were actually into guys or not. Also I wouldn't have been able to handle being rejected by you."

Hiccup let out a laugh. "Jack, the whole school has known I'm gay for a very long time."

Jack looked shocked. "Really?"

"Yeah, and the whole crush thing since the third grade, same." Hiccup said casually.

Jack started giggling, "What happened in third grade that we both started crushing on each other?"

Hiccup joined Jack's giggling and just answered, "I don't know."

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*brief flashback to the third grade*

"_Alright class, I'm going help you find a friend to work on flash cards with each other." The teacher said before pairing up the students._

She paired a small brown haired boy with a small white haired boy.

They looked up into each others eyes and the thought for each was so similar it could practically be seen.

For the brown haired boy, his thought was 'those eyes are the bluest blue of a blue to ever blue.'

For the white haired boy, his thought was 'those eyes match my favorite sound.'

From then on the two were shy around each other, which ended up in both of them thinking the other didn't like them that much so the crushes were never revealed. Until now.

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back to current time

Hiccup joined Jack's giggling and just answered, "I don't know."

Jack giggled a bit more. "Would you mind helping me finish? I just need to use you as a reference now." Jack indicated his work.

Hiccup glanced at the work again. "On one condition."

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And that boys and girls is the story of how I met your motherâ€¦ wait that's not rightâ€¦ that's my rendition of how an artistic Jack started dating an artistic Hiccup.

(Hope you enjoyed. um i did reference HIMYM but i dont own that, also the image i was thinking of can be found here: wp-content/uploads/2010/10 /howtotraindragon4131. jpg

remove spaces! also it was more that scene that i wanted referenced
and not so much that exact screen cap, but I imagine Jack was working
on it closer to Hiccup than that images offers.

anyhow read and review please!-luvs cassy)

End
file.